



7-20-1899

The Independent, V. 24, Thursday, July 20, 1899, [Whole Number: 1255]

The Independent

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Recommended Citation

Independent, The, "The Independent, V. 24, Thursday, July 20, 1899, [Whole Number: 1255]" (1899). *The Independent Newspaper, 1898-1952*. 59.

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J. W. ROYER, M. D.,
Practising Physician,
TRAPPE, Pa. Office at his residence, nearly
opposite Masonic Hall.

M. Y. WEBER, M. D.,
Practising Physician,
EVANSBURG, Pa. Office Hours: Until 9
a. m.; 7 to 9 p. m.

E. A. KRUMEN, M. D.,
Homeopathic Physician,
COLLEGEVILLE, Pa. Office Hours: Until 9
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S. B. HORNUNG, M. D.,
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D. R. F. PLACE,
Dentist,
COR. MAIN AND DEKALB STREETS,
NORRISTOWN, PA.

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Cheap and Reliable Dentistry.
In active practice 20 years. The only place
where Pure Laughing Gas is made a specialty
for the Painless extraction of teeth; 15,000 gal.
gas administered the past 5 years. Beautiful
Artificial Teeth inserted. Charges Reasonable.
English or German language spoken.

DR. S. D. CORNISH,
DENTIST,
COLLEGEVILLE, PA.
First-class Workmanship Guaranteed; Gas
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(Successor to Dr. Chas. Ryckman),
DENTIST,
ROYESFORD, PA. Practical Dentistry at
lowest prices.

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NORRISTOWN AND COLLEGEVILLE.
All legal business attended promptly. First-class
Stock Fire Insurance Companies repre-
sented. At home, Collegeville, every evening.

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Attorney-at-Law,
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Attorney-at-Law,
AND NOTARY PUBLIC. No. 121 Crozer Build-
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Long Distance Telephone, House No. 998.
Also member of the Montgomery County Bar.

GEORGE N. CORSON,
Attorney-at-Law,
NO. 8 EAST ARMY STREET, CORNER OF
DEKALB IN FRONT OF YERGEN'S HOUSE AND CITY
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Attorney-at-Law,
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All legal business attended to with prompt-
ness and accuracy. Consultations in English or
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Can be seen evenings at Truitt's.

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Deeds, &c., executed and acknowledged.
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General Business Agent. Clerking of sales at-
tended to. Charges reasonable.

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Justice of the Peace,
TRAPPE, PA.
Conveyancing and General Business Agent.
Legal Papers, Bonds, etc., carefully drawn.
Claims collected. Sales clerking. Moderate
charges.

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Dealer in Stoves, Ranges, Etc.
Particular attention given to
SLATE ROOFING AND PLUMBING.
Bids furnished. Keystone Phone No. 85.

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All kinds of legal papers drawn. The clerking
of sales a specialty. Charges reasonable.
P. O. Address: Lower Providence, Pa. Resi-
dence: Evansburg, Pa.

HORACE G. FETTEROLF,
Real Estate and Mortgages,
1120 Chestnut Street, Phila., Pa.
Papers bought, sold and exchanged. Money
to loan on first mortgage.

SUNDAY PAPERS.
Different Philadelphia papers delivered
to those wishing to purchase in Collegeville and
Trappe every Sunday morning.
HENRY YOST, New Agent,
Collegeville, Pa.

F. W. WALTERS,
Successor to Daniel Shuler,
Contractor and Builder,
TRAPPE, PA.
Contracts for all kinds of buildings executed.
Estimates cheerfully furnished. 9 Jan.

J. P. KOONS,
Practical Slater.
RAHN STATION, PA. Dealer in every qual-
ity of Roofing, Plastering, and Ornamental
States. Send for estimates and prices.

EDWARD DAVID,
Painter and
Paper-Hanger,
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always on hand.

ROBERT OEHLELT,
Carriage Builder.
New and Second-hand Wagons constantly on
hand. Repainting and Remounting done at all
branches. Four new horse shops put on for 1.
ROYESFORD, PA.

**"Think of Ease
But Work On."**
If your blood is impure you cannot even
"think of ease." The blood is the
greatest sustainer of the body and when
you make it pure by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla
you have the perfect health in
which even hard work becomes easy.

Hood's Sarsaparilla
Never Disappears

THE DISAPPOINTED.
There are songs enough for the hero
Who dwells on the heights of fate.
For those who missed their aim.
I sing with a fearful cadence
For one who stands in the dark
And knows that his last hour
Has sounded back from the mark.

I sing for the breathless runner,
The eager, anxious soul,
Who falls with his strength exhausted
Almost in sight of the goal.
For the hearts that break in silence
With a sorrow all unknown;
For the man who has been deceived
And walks away alone.

There are songs enough for the lovers,
Who have loved the tender pain.
I sing for the one whose passion
Is given all in vain.
For those whose spirit comrades
Have missed them on the way.
I sing with a heart of sorrowing
This minor strain today.

And I know the spot where
Some soldier's blood was shed
A prize for that soldier's name
Who barely lost the race.

For the plan would be imperfect
Unless it held some prize
That would be worth the effort
And love that was wasted here.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

A MYSTERIOUS GUEST
A Singular Story of a Man Who
Lived a Singular Life for
the Hour of an Execution.

One carnival night in 1890, Cantal and
I went to a party at the house of a friend
where by chance side by side in a
promiscuous hall at the opera hall. Our
eyes were fixed studying the motley
mosaic formed by the maskers dancing
to the witching music of Strauss' waltz
in the midst of his last words my eye
was caught by the face of a man of 35
in the box opposite; he had on oriental
pallor. Lowering his opera glass, he
bowed to me. After a moment's
thought I remembered he had rendered
me a trifling service, such as custom
permits between fellow travelers—in-
formation about a certain band of
cigars, if I remember rightly—I returned
his bow. I had hardly reached to
exchange a few words, a stranger
approached me. Recalling his courtesy in German,
I could do no less than invite him to
join us, if he was quite alone, in the
gay hubbub.

"And whom shall I have the honor
of presenting to my merry party?" I asked,
smiling, when he had accepted.
"Baron von H." he said. "But, in
view of the indulgence of the ladies,
the difficulties of pronunciation and the
carnival season, let me assume, for an
hour, another name, no matter what—
with a laugh—"Baron Saturn, if you
like."

This caprice surprised me slightly,
but I did not see his fancy and an-
nounced him formally under the my-
thological title he had hit upon. His fan-
tastic appellation was received with
favor. Clio insisted he was a king
from the "Thousand and One Nights,"
traveling incognito.

After the preliminary compliments
Susannah Jackson, between two irre-
sistible yawns, asked, "Will the Baron
join us at supper, for the sake of sym-
metry?"
"I am very sorry to refuse," said the
stranger. "Unfortunately a circum-
stance of capital importance will keep
me away in a few hours."

"A make believe duel?" said Clio,
with a madame, a rencontre, since you
have deigned to consult me."
"Bah! A mere trifle. Not worth
crossing swords over, you may be sure.
Words exchanged at an opera ball
don't count. You are a stranger, that's
plainly to be seen."

"Quite true, madame. I am some-
what of a stranger everywhere," the
baron replied, with a bow.

"Come. Do you get people to coax
you?"

"Very seldom, I assure you!" the
old fellow replied, both gallantly and
equivocally. Cantal and I exchanged
glances. What was he driving at? It
might turn out amusing, in any case.
Like a child who insists on having
what is refused to it, Antoine refused
him, exclaiming, "You belong to us
till dawn!"

He surrendered; we left the opera.
So here we were with the prospect be-
hind us of several hours' relative in-
timacy with a man of whom we knew
absolutely nothing, except that he had
played at the Wiesbaden casino and
studied Havana cigars.

Leaving back in the carriage, Clio
called to the footman, "To the Maison
Doree!" The foreigner's heavy car-
riage was rolling after ours. Antoine,
better known under her romantic nom-
de guerre, "Sesuit," had accepted his
curious escort.

Installed in the red dining room,
Joseph received strict orders not to let
in a single living being, except the Os-
tend system—and our illustrious friend,
the fantastic little Dr. Florian Les Eg-
lissottes, if by chance he should come.
A great roar in the fireplace.
The air was heavy with the scent of
furs and winter flowers. Wine stood
dripping in silver coolers. Bunches of
candelabra trembled on their fine wire
stems in crystal vases. Outside a dense
snow mingled with rain fell, and we
caught a muffled sound of carriages.

During the sparkling sallies of the
supper, from time to time the coffee
et cetera of observation. I was not
long in discovering that the Saxon
baron was worthy of study. Our
chance guest was not wildly hilarious,
that was certain. His features and his
bearing were not lacking in the con-
ventional distinction that is a passport
to society; his accent was not disagree-
able, as with most foreigners. Strange-
ly enough, it was his pallor that was
the most striking feature. He was
turned a chalky, ghastly white. His
lips were as thin as a line drawn by a
pale brush; his eyebrows met in a per-
petual frown.

At long intervals, freighted with
jesting, confessions and laughing
words; smiles and diamonds flashed;
the magic of the deep mirrors reflected
in an infinitude of blue distance every
gesture, every candle flame. Cantal
and I sank into a reverie. The coffee
was smoking in its transparent cups;
Cantal, with a Havana between his
lips, was wrapping himself in blue
rings, like a demigod in a cloud. Baron
von H., with half-closed eyes, was
glass of champagne in his pale hand,
leaned back on a divan. He seemed to
be following closely the magical mod-
ulations of the nocturnal duet in "Tris-
tan and Isolde," played with much
feeling by Susannah and Clio.
The fair, with locked hands, listened,
radiant, to the music.

I listened, too, looking the while at
our three guests. All were velvet that
night. Antoine, of a velvet face, velvet
blue. Against the severe line of the
decalogues he thrust and shouldered
roses like veritable Carrara. She had
a narrow gold ring on her little
finger, and three sparkling comfours
shone in her earlobes. Her hair was
two soft braids far below her waist.
Clio the fair, an exquisite blond, with
brown eyes—the goddess of Imperi-
ence, a disenchanted young person
whom Prince Solit had baptized by
pouring champagne from her hair—
wore a well molded green velvet gown
and a ruby necklace. This young cre-
ole of 20 was quoted as the model of
all the reprehensible virtues. She
would have bewitched the profoundest
philosopher of Greece or the austere
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Jackson, the Scottish Clio, with night
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a dark Lily—the meaning of her
name, by the way, in Hebrew, she
said, was "Red, green or black mask
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When Susannah left the piano I took
a bouquet from the table and offered it
to her with a jest. "You are a
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I don't want to see you go."

"Ah, old Susannah!" cried Cantal,
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room merely to show us that snow
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At this moment Joseph entered car-
rying a bowl of lemon punch, for we had
resolved to drink like lions. Baron
Saturn seemed restless. I saw him pull
out his watch, draw a ring off his
finger and give it to Antoine and rise from
his seat.

"Lord of distant regions!" I called
out to him, between two puffs of my
cigar. "You mustn't think of leaving us
for an hour yet. You'll pass for mys-
terious, and that's the worst of last-
night's revels."

"Accept my apologies," he replied,
"but a duty that I cannot ignore and
that brooks no delay calls me away.
Pray believe that I am hopelessly in
your debt for the charming hours spent
here."

"Is it really a duel, then?" asked An-
tonie nervously.
"Stay with us and save a cold. Look
at us; listen and defend. I am a
gentleman," said Baron Saturn, "I
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We looked at each other with a sym-
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light—a light that came from our guest.
Approaching the foreigner, I whispered
in his ear:

"Monsieur, pardon me if I am wrong,
but I believe you are six years ago at
Lyons, at 4 o'clock one morning, in a
public square."

Saturn raised his head and looked at
me intently. "Ah!" he said. "Is it pos-
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tently. "Wait a bit—in that square
there stood a melancholy object that I
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"Indeed?" observed Saturn. "And
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rying a bowl of lemon punch, for we had
resolved to drink like lions. Baron
Saturn seemed restless. I saw him pull
out his watch, draw a ring off his
finger and give it to Antoine and rise from
his seat.

"Lord of distant regions!" I called
out to him, between two puffs of my
cigar. "You mustn't think of leaving us
for an hour yet. You'll pass for mys-
terious, and that's the worst of last-
night's revels."

"Accept my apologies," he replied,
"but a duty that I cannot ignore and
that brooks no delay calls me away.
Pray believe that I am hopelessly in
your debt for the charming hours spent
here."

"Is it really a duel, then?" asked An-
tonie nervously.
"Stay with us and save a cold. Look
at us; listen and defend. I am a
gentleman," said Baron Saturn, "I
will confess that I am blind and deaf
as often as God permits."

This incomprehensible speech plun-
ged us into the most absurd conjectures.
We looked at each other with a sym-
metrical smile, not knowing what to think
of this jest, when suddenly it flashed
across me where I had first seen the
man. For a space of a second every-
thing about me seemed to be in a red
light—a light that came from our guest.
Approaching the foreigner, I whispered
in his ear:

When Susannah left the piano I took
a bouquet from the table and offered it
to her with a jest. "You are a
queen of the night," she said, "and
I don't want to see you go."

"Ah, old Susannah!" cried Cantal,
laughing. "You have come into the
room merely to show us that snow
buras."

At this moment Joseph entered car-
rying a bowl of lemon punch, for we had
resolved to drink like lions. Baron
Saturn seemed restless. I saw him pull
out his watch, draw a ring off his
finger and give it to Antoine and rise from
his seat.

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out to him, between two puffs of my
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of this jest, when suddenly it flashed
across me where I had first seen the
man. For a space of a second every-
thing about me seemed to be in a red
light—a light that came from our guest.
Approaching the foreigner, I whispered
in his ear:

"Monsieur, pardon me if I am wrong,
but I believe you are six years ago at
Lyons, at 4 o'clock one morning, in a
public square."

Saturn raised his head and looked at
me intently. "Ah!" he said. "Is it pos-
sible?"

THE INDEPENDENT

TERMS—\$1.00 PER YEAR
IN ADVANCE.
Thursday, July 20, 1899

John H. Hartman is authorized to collect amounts due The Independent, and receive the names of new subscribers.

CHURCH SERVICES.

Episcopal service at St. James', Evansburg, every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. Sunday School, 2 p. m. Also a service at Rye, at 8:30 p. m. Rev. A. J. Barrow, rector.

St. Paul's Memorial Protestant Episcopal Church, Oakes Station, Rev. B. J. Douglas, rector. On Sunday, July 24, morning service will be held at 10 a. m. in Union Church, Wetherill Corner near Shannonsville, to begin at 10:30.

Afternoon services throughout the year at St. Paul's Memorial, near Oakes, at 2:30. Sunday School at St. Paul's, at 2:30.

St. Luke's Reformed Church, Trappe, Rev. S. L. Messenger, pastor. Services next Sunday as follows: Sunday School at 8:45, and preaching at 10 a. m. on the subject, "The Value of Labor." Junior Endeavor prayer meeting at 2:30. P. S. C. E. prayer meeting at 4:45, and preaching at 7:45 p. m. on the subject, "Sabbath Observance." All are cordially invited to attend the services.

Evansburg M. Church, Rev. D. C. Kauffman, pastor. Sunday School, 9:30 a. m. Preaching, Sunday, at 10:30 a. m. and 8 p. m. Epworth League service, Sunday evening at 7:30 o'clock. Prayer and class meeting, Thursday at 8 p. m.

United Evangelical Church, Trappe, Services next Sunday evening at 7:45. Sunday school at 2 p. m.

Lower Providence Presbyterian Church, Rev. C. R. Brodhead, pastor. Sunday School, 9:30 a. m. Preaching, 10:30 a. m. Y. P. S. C. E., 7 p. m. Preaching, 7:30 p. m.

Lower Providence Baptist Church, Preaching services 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. every Sunday. Rev. Wm. G. Gorman, pastor. Bible school, 9:30 a. m. Preaching, Sunday evening at 7:30. Sunday School, 9:30 a. m. Preaching, Sunday evening at 7:30. Bible school, Sunday at 9:30 a. m. Prayer meeting, Tuesday at 7:30 p. m. Rev. S. O. Perry, pastor.

Trinity Church—Wednesday evening, prayer meeting at 8 o'clock. Sunday, Sunday School, 9:30 a. m. Preaching at 10:30 a. m. The Junior C. E. prayer service at 2 p. m. and the Y. P. S. C. E. prayer service, Miss Mary Culbert, leader, at 8 o'clock.

The pastor will conduct a preaching service in Skippackville church, Sunday evening, at 7:30 o'clock.

HOME AND ABROAD.

—Delightful weather.
—In the hot month of July.
—Is duly appreciated.

—The hop at Perkiomen Bridge hotel, Saturday evening, was a large and orderly gathering.

—Dr. B. F. Dismant is having a fine house built on his premises in Limerick.

—C. F. Holstein and family, of Philadelphia, are enjoying life in the cottage in Mr. Robinson's grove.

—The campers along the Perkiomen, from Philadelphia and elsewhere, are delighted with their surroundings.

—Property owners of Schwenksville have been assessed from \$1 to \$10 to support the local fire company.

—The Sons of St. George, of Bridgeport, trolleyed to Shaw's pavilion, this morning, Thursday evening, and had a lively time. The cake walk was a special feature of the evening.

—Richard Roberts, the Gwynedd farmer who was stabbed by his negro hired man, is recovering from his wounds.

—Washington Camp P. O. S. of A., at Lebanon, has a membership of 1000.

—Eyeglass swindlers have been operating with success in Cumberland and Franklin counties.

—The Sunday School of Lower Providence Presbyterian church will picnic at Ziebers Grove, August 10.

—Miss Clara M. Stinson is a young woman of Maryland who has shown that a woman can run a single mill with profit and satisfaction to her employees.

—A man with a family to support cannot understand why all the old bachelors are not millionaires.—Atchison Globe.

—Ten persons have died thus far in Pittsburgh from lockjaw caused by wounds received on the Fourth of July. Three boys died Friday.

—The highest inhabited spot in the world is the Custom House at Angamarca, Peru, 16,000 feet above sea level.

—Diphtheria has made its appearance in Applebushville, Bucks county, and several children are seriously ill with the disease.

—Eli Hofford, of Point Pleasant, Bucks county, was robbed of his pocketbook, containing \$45, by a sneak thief, who entered his home while he was at work.

—At a meeting of the committee of arrangements of the State Millers' Association, held at Chambersburg recently, it was decided to hold the State convention there on September 12, 13 and 14.

—The Keystone telephone line is to be in complete working order in Conshohocken by the middle of September.

—Augustus Wentzel, of Pottstown, has been declared insane and committed to the State Hospital at Norristown.

—Reuben B. Fryer, aged 80 years of Pottstown, died Friday night. He was a veteran Reading Railroad employe, having been in the service of that company for nearly fifty years.

—Governor Stone has appointed Thomas Bradley, of Philadelphia, and Joseph Thomas, of Quakertown, trustees of the Norristown Hospital for the Insane.

—Mr. and Mrs. J. A. B. Reiff and sons, the Messrs. Kays, of Philadelphia, and Edward Kane Egan, and family, of Norristown, are summering at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Zimmerman, this place.

—"To err is human," but to continue the mistake of neglecting your blood is folly. Keep the blood pure with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

For Charity Hospital.

The collections for Charity Hospital during June, from the Episcopal churches of the county, amounted to \$557.77; supplies, \$12.99.

Artesian Wells.

Samuel Mowrey, of Spring City, has contracted with the School Board of Skippack to sink an artesian well on each school ground in that township.

Sunday School Outing.

The Sunday School of Trinity Reformed church, this morning, left its outing to Chestnut Hill Park on Thursday, August 3, instead of August 10, as first arranged for.

Insurance Companies Object.

It is stated that insurance companies are objecting to taking risks on buildings where tramps are permitted to sleep and for that reason vagrants are no longer permitted to sleep in some barns.

Willied a Church \$10,000.

The will of Edward Powell, late of Port Kent, contains a bequest to the Port Kent Presbyterian Church, of which he was the moving spirit, of \$10,000. The estate is valued at \$250,000.

Creamery Prices.

Schwensville, 23; Swamp 23; Congo, 21; Centre Point, 23; Mingo, 24; Sanatoga, 23; Koons, at Gratersford, 23; Nantico, 24; Sasamansville, 22; Green Tree, 24; Finland, 15 cents a hundred for milk.

Picnic.

Last Thursday the children about town took part in the cantata "Little Red Riding Hood," last winter, spent the day in picnic style along the Perkiomen. Messrs. Bacon and Scott, who instructed the children in their preparation for the cantata, were present at the picnic.

Fatal Lockjaw.

Willie, aged about 13 years, the oldest son of Henry Detwiler of near Cedars, Worcester township, died of lockjaw Friday morning. About ten days ago his foot was accidentally pierced by a pitchfork. Blood poisoning set in and lockjaw followed.

Suffering from Burns.

Ernest Richards, a young man employed in the Norristown Tin Plate Works, was terribly burned Monday evening by falling into a tub of hot oil. He was seriously burned and blistered and is now at Charity Hospital. It is believed he will recover.

Sudden Death at Pottstown.

Edward Baker, aged 62, an employee of the March, Brownback & Co. Company, of Pottstown, was found dead at his place of employment Monday by a fellow employe. He had left his home only ten minutes before. Heart disease was the cause of his death.

Endeavor Meeting.

The Schuylkill Valley C. E. Union will hold an echo meeting of the Detroit Convention in Bomber Memorial Hall, this morning, Friday evening, August 4, at 8 o'clock. All delegates will give short and interesting talks on the convention. Ample trolley accommodations will be provided.

Victim of a Toy Pistol.

John S. Busch, aged 16, of Pottstown, died Monday from a wound inflicted by a toy pistol. He was shot in the left hand July 4, the cartridge was passing through the flesh at the base of the thumb and out at the index finger. He refused to consult a doctor and dressed the wound himself. Lockjaw developed and death ensued.

Bridge Works Sold.

The Schuylkill Bridge Works, owned by John Dentithone Sons & Co., located on the Schuylkill river, near Phoenixville, were sold Monday afternoon to the proprietors of the Pennsylvania Boiler Works, of Philadelphia. The purchasers will convert the bridge works into a large boiler manufacturing plant and will move their works to the site. They will employ 200 hands.

The Crops.

As has been heretofore stated, the wheat crop on many farms this summer proved to be a failure both in grain and straw. The oat crop now being harvested in this section of the county is at least up to the average, and in some instances the yield will be unusually heavy. The corn is growing rapidly, and, with favorable weather the next four or five weeks, a large crop will be assured.

A Grand Entertainment.

A grand musical and literary entertainment will be given in the Montgomery County Alumni Association, at Sanatoga, on Thursday July 27.

The program to be rendered in the afternoon will be brief, but of a highly entertaining character. Dr. W. J. Davis, of Pottstown, will deliver the address, his subject being "Shogun Prescriptions." Throughout the day abundant opportunity will be provided for the different social features that help to make the County Alumni picnics so successful. An innovation in connection with this year's exercises will be the base ball game between the teams representing respectively the Norristown and the Pottstown High School, which will occur at four o'clock in the afternoon. The business meeting for the election of officers will be held in the morning at 10:30 o'clock.

THE TURF.

Lucky E. the bay trotting horse owned by W. E. Bean, of Norristown, recently went a mile over Belmont in 2:28.

Races at Penn Square Driving Park this (Thursday) afternoon.

A Driving Club has been organized at Pottstown to revive interest in the excellent mile track on the high ground north of that town. There will be a series of races there next Saturday afternoon.

A characteristic feature of the equipment of Western railroads is the "chair car" (seats free). These cars add materially to one's comfort in traveling, particularly those of the most modern pattern, such as have recently been placed on the Burlington railroad. They are fitted with the most comfortable seats of reclining chairs, toilet rooms, wash basins and a smoking compartment. Each car is in charge of a uniformed colored porter and the whole effect is very attractive. Eastern managers have something to learn from this.

Won't Go to State College.

Wilmer K. Groff, of Limerick, who was awarded the Montgomery county free scholarship at State College, by Senator Wentz, has declined and accepted the principalship of the Grater's Ford High School.

A Telegram Prevented an Enlistment.

Harry L. Berry, sixteen years old, of Rye, attempted to enlist at Harrisburg on Thursday. A telegram from his mother was received, forbidding his enlistment, and he was turned over to an officer to be taken home.

Methacton Literary Society.

A meeting of the Methacton Literary Society of Lower Providence will be held at Cherry Tree school house on Saturday evening, July 22. The program announced for the meeting of July 8, which was not held on account of inclement weather, will be rendered.

Norristown Markets.

Saturday's quotations: Corn, 15c; beans, 15c; peas, 35c; watermelons, 25 to 40c; cantaloupes, 5c; currants, 10c; raspberries, 6c; peaches, 12c; huckleberries, 10c; peaches, 12c; quarts, 30c; half-peck; apples, 25c; butter, 25c; eggs, 18c; chickens, 25c.

Rolling Mill Sold.

The Hooven rolling and pipe mills of Norristown, have been purchased by the National Tube Company, which has consolidated the wrought steel and iron tube industries of the country. The price paid for the Hooven property was \$35,000.

Contract Awarded.

The County Commissioners have awarded the contract for building the new iron bridge over Saw Mill run, on Airy street, Norristown, to the Pittsburgh Iron Company, for \$23,000. When completed the total cost of the bridge will be over \$30,000. There were thirteen bidders for the iron work.

Wrecked in a Runaway.

Last Thursday William Keyser, of Upper Providence, was driving down Airy street, Norristown, when his horse became unmanageable and ran away. Mr. Keyser's face and head were badly cut and bruised and the wagon was wrecked. A horse ran to Schultz's stable where it was taken in charge.

Trolley Party.

This Thursday evening, July 20, the members of the Luther League of Grace Lutheran church, Rye, were conveyed in trolleys to the Schuylkill river, where they took a trolley to Norristown and bring them back. The round trip fare from Rye, to Norristown will be fifty cents.

Death at Grater's Ford.

Mrs. Catharine Ashenfelter, aged 64 years, 3 months and 10 days, of Grater's Ford, died Tuesday. A son and two daughters survive—Ambrose Ashenfelter, of Upper Providence, Mrs. C. W. Everhart of Grater's Ford, and Mrs. Warren Koons, of Germantown. The funeral will be held at the residence of Dr. C. W. Everhart on Saturday next at 1 o'clock p. m. Interment at Mennonite burying ground, near Yerkess.

Work on Hotel Addition Commenced.

Messrs. Culp and Conway are engaged laying the foundation walls for the extensive addition to be built to W. H. Stroud's hotel, near the railroad, this morning. The addition, when completed, will tower above the present structure; it will be of modern architectural design, and will afford an enlarged bar room and eight additional sleeping compartments. Jonathan B. Wolfe of Telford, is the contractor in charge of the work.

Death of Franklin T. Beecer.

Franklin T. Beecer, for many years a Democratic politician of this county and employed in one or another of the county offices at Norristown, died at the residence of his son Charles in Philadelphia, Sunday night, aged 63 years. He was a son of ex-County Treasurer Joseph Beecer. The deceased served in many battles in the civil war and suffered from wounds received. He served three terms as a member of the Board of County Auditors, and had the reputation of being an expert accountant.

COUNTY ALUMNI PICNIC.

Various features of unusual interest will characterize the fourth annual meeting and picnic of the Montgomery County Alumni Association, at Sanatoga, on Thursday July 27.

The program to be rendered in the afternoon will be brief, but of a highly entertaining character. Dr. W. J. Davis, of Pottstown, will deliver the address, his subject being "Shogun Prescriptions." Throughout the day abundant opportunity will be provided for the different social features that help to make the County Alumni picnics so successful. An innovation in connection with this year's exercises will be the base ball game between the teams representing respectively the Norristown and the Pottstown High School, which will occur at four o'clock in the afternoon. The business meeting for the election of officers will be held in the morning at 10:30 o'clock.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by taking Hall's Catarrh Cure.

P. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O. We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all his business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligation made by him.

Wm. D. Truax, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, coming directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system.

Price 75c per bottle. Sold by all druggists. Testimonials free.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

An Epidemic of Diarrhoea.

Mr. A. Sanders, writing from Coconut Grove, Fla., says there has been quite an epidemic of diarrhoea there. He had a severe attack and was cured by four doses of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. He says he also recommended it to others and they say it is the best medicine they ever used. For sale by Joseph W. Culbert, Druggist, Collegeville, Pa.

Another Collegeville Barn Destroyed by Fire.

The large barn on the farm of A. D. Reiff, in the upper part of this State, was destroyed by fire between two and four o'clock last Thursday morning. Squire Zimmerman was among the first to observe the flames and spread the alarm. Joseph Campbell and Howard Wagner reached the scene of the conflagration in time to prevent the burning of a lot of chickens. The firemen about town responded promptly to the alarm, but when they arrived with the engine the large building was enveloped in flames, and nothing was to be done but look on and see the structure containing many tons of hay completely destroyed. There was no wind blowing and the east wall of the barn prevented the flames from being communicated to the house. The horses used on the farm were grazing in the field below the barn, and thus escaped the flames. As is generally known Mr. Reiff, the owner of the farm, has resided at Rye for a number of years, but he has supervised the harvesting of the crops, principally hay. He finished hauling in a fine crop of hay the day before the fire. How the fire originated is another mystery. The building and contents were insured for \$2500 in the Perkiomen Mutual Fire Insurance Company, and the amount will barely cover the loss.

Made an Address.

The Rev. S. L. Messenger, pastor of the Reformed church of Trappe, accompanied by his friend Mr. Pugh, visited the Garwood Union S. S. on Sunday last, and made a very pleasing address. Mr. Joseph Fegley, the genial superintendent, at all times extends a hearty welcome to visiting friends.

No Borough.

The advocates of a borough for the town of Schwenksville have given up the contest, it having been ascertained that a small majority of the property owners are opposed to the project. The item thinks a borough will not come later, and the item is probably right.

Attempt to Wreck a Car.

An attempt was made Sunday night to wreck a trolley car on the Montgomery and Chester Electric Railway by opening a switch. A car crowded with passengers coming from Ironsides to Spring City, was derailed, but it was running slowly when it reached the switch, and no serious damage resulted. This is the second attempt within two weeks to wreck cars on this line.

Limerick Teachers Appointed.

Limerick, Anna Gross; Church E. H. Schmidt; Misses, Elsie Schlichter; Yergers, Catharine Kepner; Barlow, Bertha Schlichter; Linfield Grammar, Susie Eppenheimer; Linfield Primary, Mary Hippie; St. Peters, William Miller; Fairview, H. S. Ziegler; Fruitville, Jessie Hallman; Medford, Irvin Sabers; Fairwood and Steinmetz are yet vacant.

Where Dogs Kill Sheep.

The Treasurer of Lancaster county made the heaviest payment of sheep damages, Monday, in the history of that county. On July 8 and 12 two dogs got among a flock of sheep belonging to Edward R. Coleman, on the Elizabeth farm, in Elizabeth township. Twenty-seven sheep were killed and fifteen injured. Under the law the county is liable for sheep lost by dogs. Coleman paid \$269 to the Coleman agent.

PERSONAL.

Miss Mary Stoner has been spending the last two weeks visiting friends in Reading.

Mr. Brooke Paist is visiting his cousins, Carrie and Dave Paist of this place.

Miss Marion Spangler, in company with her little brother and sister, are staying with relatives in Meyerstown.

F. G. Hobson, Esq., and wife, are at Asbury Park, down by the sea, for two weeks.

Mrs. Long and daughter Bessie were the guests of the Misses Kratz, of Fifth avenue, last week.

Rev. and Mrs. J. D. Hicks were the guests of A. D. Wagner and family, of Trappe, last month.

Dr. George Fetterolf, of Philadelphia, was in Collegeville on Sunday.

Mrs. Hannah Iselt, of Summerville, is visiting her sister, Mrs. Horace Koons.

Mrs. Neal Lafferty, of Philadelphia, is spending the summer with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Jonathan Hoyer, of Upper Providence.

Mrs. John S. McFarland, of Limerick, is visiting relatives and friends at Shannonsville and Port Kennedy.

Miss Bella Detwiler, of Norristown, visited Miss Anna Zimmerman, last week.

Mrs. Lizzie Bowers, Mrs. Winters, Mrs. Lou Bowers, of Philadelphia, and Mrs. J. W. Norristown, were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Gristock over Sunday.

Mrs. Frank Preston and children are visiting Mrs. Preston's father, Mr. Abram Grater.

Rev. Dr. F. R. S. Hunsicker and wife, of Carversville, Bucks county, are spending a part of the week in Collegeville, the guests of past Hendricks and family.

FROM TRAPPE.

Mr. and Mrs. Gustave Vanslew, Oscar Vanslew, Harry Vanslew, Edna Vanslew, Mr. and Mrs. Overbeck, J. H. Sheip and family, Mrs. Gardner, and Miss Kuen, all of Philadelphia, are summering at the home of Mr. and Mrs. John S. Kepler.

The recent improvements to E. Beckman's Fountain hotel, including the new porch, are substantial and attractive, and worthy of note.

Among the summer boarders at J. H. Spang's Lamb hotel, is a distinguished pianist, William H. Hand, representing the well-known Chas. H. Fischer Piano Company of Philadelphia. He has placed a number of pianos the past few weeks, and Trappe may regain its former prestige as a musical centre. Mr. Hand is an accomplished performer and his recent recitals have created much favorable comment.

FROM FAIRVIEW VILLAGE AND LOWER PROVIDENCE.

While engaged at work at the Keystone Oil Cloth Works, Norristown, Tuesday last week, Lewis Schmuck, of Eagleville, was seized with a fainting spell and fell striking a box and cutting a deep gash in his upper lip. Dr. Krause, of Collegeville, put several stitches in the wound.

J. R. McLaughlin has been on the sick for several weeks past, being unable to fulfill his duty as Superintendent of the Providence Presbyterian Sunday School.

Mrs. Joseph Rittenhouse Jr., has been sick with tonsillitis during the past week, but is now much better.

Miss Hattie Weikel has just returned from a two weeks' visit to her sister, Mrs. Ottinger, of Spring City.

Mrs. David Custer, accompanied by her son Jacob Custer and wife of Jeffersonville, spent last Thursday visiting in Phoenixville.

M. H. Tyson, for many years blacksmith at Jeffersonville, dropped dead while shoring a horse in his shop on Saturday morning last. He was buried on Wednesday at the Providence Presbyterian church. The deceased was a highly respected member of the above named church and a teacher in the Sunday School, where his loss is severely felt. In respect to the loss of Mr. Tyson, as also of Miss Fannie L. Hiser, we are reminded of the words of the poet:

"O, though oft depressed and lonely,
All our fears are laid aside,
If we but remember only
Such as these have lived and died."

There will be a joint meeting of the Mite Societies of the Providence Presbyterian church and the Centennial Presbyterian church of Jeffersonville, on Tuesday evening, July 25, 1899, at the Jeffersonville church. The meeting was to have been held on Tuesday the 18th, but was postponed owing to the death of Mr. Tyson.

Silas Baker had the thumb of his left hand dislocated on Monday while at work in Norristown. The injury though painful is not serious.

IRONBRIDGE NOTES.

H. B. Sell and family spent Saturday and Sunday at Zieglerville, the guests of Milton Keyser and family.

Mr. and Mrs. Horace Markley, of Pawling, Chester county, were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Dize and G. B. Schlotterer and family on Sunday.

Services were held in the chapel on Sunday evening by Revs. Abraham Wismer and C. H. Brunner. Quite a number were present and enjoyed a very interesting as well as instructive sermon by Rev. Brunner.

Mr. and Mrs. Gilmore Hunsicker, of Philadelphia, spent Sunday visiting at this place.

Irvin Keller, of West Point, spent a few days last week with Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Dize.

Dr. Randall Rosenberger, of Philadelphia, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. F. G. Gotschalk.

On Saturday evening, the 15th inst., a surprise party was tendered Miss Stella C. Law. In order to make the surprise the more complete, Miss Law's cousin, Mr. J. K. Rawn, took the young lady for a trip on their wheels. After they arrived at her home, you may conceive the surprise of the young lady to discover the presence of about twenty-five friends from far and near. Guests were present from Philadelphia, Norristown, Collegeville and Ironbridge: Miss Nettie Hartman and Messrs. N. M. Moyer, Elmer H. Carl and Irvin Rawn—Philadelphia; Miss Stella Faringer—Collegeville; Mr. Wm. Wismer—Norristown; Misses Hannah J. Wagner, Mrs. S. Rawn, Mayme I. I. Tyson, Lily E. Tyson, Mary L. Undercoffer, Alice Groves, Elizabeth T. Keyser, Anna H. Detwiler, and Lillian A. Dorworth; Messrs. Isaiah H. Detwiler, Norman H. Detwiler, John K. Rawn, J. G. Wagner, J. Fred Wagner, Irvin H. Cook and Elmer H. Undercoffer—Ironbridge; I. F. Haldeman—Lederachville; and Samuel Bolton of Skippack. About eleven o'clock all were asked to participate in the delicious under which the table groaned. A very pleasant evening was enjoyed by all present.

B. T. Keyser and family of Allentown, spent Sunday visiting at this place.

Mrs. Sophia Undercoffer and family spent last Friday at Salford with William Becker and family.

Mrs. G. B. Schlotterer spent several days visiting at Jeffersonville.

Mrs. J. R. Dorworth's condition is slowly improving.

"We have sold many different good remedies, but none has given better satisfaction than Chamberlain's," says Mr. Charles Holzhauser, Druggist, Newark, N. J. "It is perfectly safe and can be relied upon in all cases of coughs, colds or hoarseness. Sold by Joseph W. Culbert, Druggist."

The Burlington railroad is experimenting with acetylene gas. Fixtures for its use have been placed in the dining car "Lincoln," and the new light will be given a thorough trial. It is claimed that it is brighter than kerosene gas and not so dark as gas as electricity.

Another innovation in Burlington dining cars is the installation of electric fans to cool the traveler while he eats, adding greatly to the comfort of a summer trip.

FROM OAKS.

The rain on Saturday night, if it did not cool the atmosphere, was of great benefit to the corn which is getting in tassel and ear.

Garfield Evans, employed at M. I. Davis', is on the sick list.

John Shull has an immense yield of very large potatoes, and proposes digging them up or he will have to move the fence back to give them room. The grub worms have been sampling them, also.

The boys tendered Mr. and Mrs. Charles Gumbes a serenade on Tuesday evening and on Thursday evening the band enjoyed the fruits of their labor under the old oak tree on Shearer's lane. The bill of fare consisted of rye bread, hard and soft string, it was a quick, orderly affair with plenty of enjoyment, all owing no doubt to the rye bread.

Anyone who desires to get milk or ice, can be accommodated at Mr. Garigues, at Oaks. It is understood Mr. G. does not propose to run opposition to any of our milk men who supply milk to regular customers here at Oaks, or at Perkiomen; but only wishes to make it known that anyone who wants milk or ice can get it right here. He has a nice place to keep milk and has built a nice ice house and cold storage plant, and if we desire to have things as others have we can have them right here at home.

One of the best sermons we have ever heard at Green Tree was that delivered by the Rev. J. T. Myers on Sunday last. Sound, logical argument, cleft from the Rock of the Fountain of Life, based upon the teachings of Holy Writ, God's Word and foundation. This is the second sermon of the series of sin, sickness and death. Whether sickness is caused by our sinning and whether divine healing is meant for all cases. He took for his text the latter verses of the 15th chapter of Exodus: "And when they came to Marah, they could not drink the waters of Marah, for they were bitter," etc. How God directed Moses to a tree, which he was to cast into the waters, in consequence of which the waters were immediately made sweet. Here was material means. God is to be acknowledged, not only in the creating of things useful for man, but in discovering their uses. Without prejudice or any ill feeling towards the fanatics of faith healing Rev. Myers refuted the many arguments advanced by faith healers, etc., sufficient to convince anyone of the fallacy of the many beliefs put forth to be little scriptural teachings, the Christianity of our fathers, so good to the world, so good to the soul. For ourselves we have no use for any arguments set forth by Christian Science, for we are perfectly satisfied that everything was made for our good, and if disease only came by sin alone why were medicinal properties contained in every root, plant, herb, tree, and bird, rightly compounded, if they do not cure will greatly ameliorate suffering? Why, we say, were these plants, etc., created?

Wm. Fletcher, Wm. Rogers, Wm. Glackins, and Robert Fisk, boys, whose ages were 11 and 15 years, came up from Philadelphia to Perkiomen Junction on Tuesday last with the purpose of camping along the Schuylkill for a few days. They selected a spot down near the pump house, from which place the water is forced from the river to the tank, from which water is supplied the engines on the Perkiomen R. R. With the ground for a bed, the sky for canvas, and three revolvers for a camping outfit, the boys turned in for the night on the banks of the river with the understanding that the boys who approached the camp were to be shot, or shot at. Quite early Wednesday morning one of the boys saw, in his dreams, a big Indian, or a wild man of a near-by cornfield, coming towards the camp, and while in the act of taking his revolver from under his hat (the revolver was accidentally discharged, the bullet penetrating the brain of young Fisk, who was lying near by, killing him instantly. The boys in their excitement ran to the station, notified the train master there, who had the dead body of the boy, and his comrades, sent to Phoenixville. The dead boy was taken to Undertaker Bishop's. His comrades were detained at the lock-up for a final hearing. The coroner's verdict was the shooting was accidental. The boy who was killed, from all accounts, was a bright little fellow. Most generally the unfortunate are of that class. It was a most distressing accident, and should serve as a warning to all those who think they are as big as men, in carrying and carelessly handling deadly weapons.

"Id is bedder, mine friends, you don't feel too big," at all times. It will save trouble.

Calvin Burley is the first one on the list in oats harvest, as he cut his crop of oats the first of last week.

Mrs. John B. Dettra, and son John C., are on a visit to a son and brother, Lewis, who resides in Stevens City, Virginia. They went via Delaware and Chesapeake Canal to Baltimore, and from there to Winchester, Va.

The employes of the Quaker City Shirt Factory came up from Norristown on Saturday last, spending the day in Riverside Park.

The Pennsylvania Schuylkill Valley Railroad inaugurated the season with a trip to Atlantic City via Delaware Bridge, on Sunday last.

Rev. Mr. Brodhead preached in the chapel at Shannonsville on Sunday evening. His subject was the parting of the prophet Elijah with Elisha. He referred to the sudden death of Mr. Tyson of Jeffersonville, saying upon all to be ever ready to the time of our departure, that time we know not of. It was the first time we have had the pleasure of hearing Mr. Brodhead, and at the conclusion of his sermon we were more than satisfied that the mantle of the Rev. Mr. Rodenbough had fallen most worthily, and acceptably, on the Rev. Mr. Brodhead.

Good music, good sermons, good attendance, and an influence for

good, are the distinctive features of the meetings at the Shannonsville chapel.

We are never too old to learn, never too old to do good, and never too good but what we can do a little better.

Pasturage must be good in the Perkiomen Valley. We counted seven cars of stock in one train and five in another, consigned to different stations along the Perkiomen. We always considered the Perkiomen Valley a little Canaan.

Prof. Scott will give a phonograph recital in Pawling on Saturday evening.

The Mite Society of Shannonsville will hold their regular monthly meeting in the chapel on this Saturday evening.

Two weeks from this Sunday, Rev. J. T. Myers will preach on the subject, Is sickness from the devil? He has been preaching some very forcible sermons of late.

She Locked a Burglar in a Room.

A burglar broke into the house of Allan Landis, in Lancaster city, early Saturday morning, while Mrs. Landis and her two children were alone. Her husband works in Philadelphia. Her mother-in-law had gone away during the day. Mrs. Landis was awakened by a noise in her bedroom and saw a man ransacking the bureau drawers and a trunk. She could see him plainly by a light which he left in an adjoining room. She restrained her first impulse to scream and the thief finally came to her bedside and looked into her face for some minutes while she feigned sleep. He then tiptoed to another room when she quickly sprang up and locked the door and screamed for her neighbors. The thief escaped, dropping a pocketbook containing considerable money, that he had taken. He took with him a toy safe with money belonging to the children.

The Old Quaker Schoolhouse.

How often, dear sister, we wended our way, From first of September to first of May, Through the summer's dust and the winter's snow— Nor never stayed when allowed to go— To the old schoolhouse, two miles or more, Where we never left 'til the clock struck four.

And across the road at playtime we went— As sure as the sun on some mischievous bent— To the Old Friends' Meeting House, long past its prime, When the drab and the black of another time.

Modestly took the place of the show, That we gaze on now wherever we go. We'd lift the gate-latch with inward awe, The graves of the dead always made us pause;

For the time it silenced our childish zest, Until one scamp more bold than the rest Began the riddle. 'O'er the graves we would stray, Reading names on the tombstones so old and gray.

We frolicked about with laughter and shout, 'Till the old sexton came and ordered us out. Then through the neighboring fields we would go, Looking for flowers, berries or apples, you know.

But the kind country people of those bright days, Had been young themselves and they knew our ways.

And many a motherly face would smile, As we climbed the fence or crossed the stile. And when the bell pealed forth again, With the cry of "books" and a look of pain,

We hurried back once more to our places, With our blood all a-tingle and bright rosy faces.

One day I came in without my hat, Dear sister, do you remember that? When looked after school no hat there, And home without one I had to repair! While the other children all laughed to see, A girl go home bare-headed: 'Tis he!

Alas, that old schoolhouse stands there no more, A modern building, with wide-spreading door.

Now stands on the site where I loved to see The dear old schoolhouse that sheltered me. But to me, "Quaker School" it never can be.

—E. Belle Cornish, Phila., Pa.

Is It Right

FOR AN EDITOR TO RECOMMEND PATENT MEDICINES?

From Sylvan Valley News, Brevard, N. C.

RAILROADS.
Philadelphia & Reading Railway
Engines Burn Hard Coal—No Smoke

IN EFFECT MAY 1, 1890.
Trains Leave Collegeville.
For PERKINSBURG, JUNCTION, BIRNBOURNE, AND PHILADELPHIA—Week days—6:20, 8:15 a. m.; 12:45, 5:50 p. m. Sundays—6:30 a. m.; 6:15 p. m.
For ALLENTOWN—Week days—8:40, 10:30 a. m.; 3:25, 6:30 p. m. Sundays—8:50 a. m.; 7:45 p. m.

Trains For Collegeville.
Leave PHILADELPHIA—Week days—7:21, 9:21 a. m.; 1:36, 5:21 p. m. Sundays—7:06 a. m.; 6:31 p. m.
Leave BIRNBOURNE—Week days—8:11, 9:59 a. m.; 12:57, 6:04 p. m. Sundays—7:53 a. m.; 7:08 p. m.
Leave PERKINSBURG, JUNCTION—Week days—8:33, 10:13 a. m.; 3:00, 6:32 p. m. Sundays—8:13 a. m.; 7:28 p. m.
Leave ALLENTOWN—Week days—4:25, 6:55, 10:50 a. m.; 4:35 p. m. Sunday—4:35 a. m.; 4:35 p. m.

ATLANTIC CITY DIVISION.
Leave Philadelphia, Chestnut Street wharf and South Street wharf, for Atlantic City: Week days—Express, 8:00, 9:00, 10:45 a. m.; 3:30, 5:30, 6:30 p. m. (3:40, 5:40, 6:40, 7:40, 8:40, 9:40, 10:40, 11:40 a. m.; 3:30, 4:30, 5:30, 6:30, 7:30, 8:30, 9:30 p. m. Accommodation, 4:35, 8:00 a. m.; 3:50 p. m. Sunday—Express, 8:30, 9:00, 10:00 a. m.; 4:45, 7:15 p. m. Accommodation, 6:15 a. m.; 4:45 p. m. \$1.00 Excursion 7:00 a. m. daily and 7:30 Sundays.
Leave Atlantic City Depot: Week days—Express, (6:45 Mondays only), 7:00, 7:45, 7:50 from Baltic ave. station only; 8:30, 9:00, 10:15, 11:00 a. m.; 3:30, 4:30, 5:30, 7:30, 9:30 p. m. Accommodation, 4:35, 8:00 a. m.; 3:50 p. m. Sunday—Express, 8:30, 9:00, 10:00, 11:00 a. m.; 4:45, 7:15 p. m. Accommodation, 6:15 a. m.; 4:45 p. m. \$1.00 Excursion 7:00 a. m. daily and 7:30 Sundays.
For Ocean City—Week days—8:45, 9:15 a. m.; 3:15, 4:15, 5:15 p. m. Sunday—8:45, 9:15 a. m.; 4:45 p. m. \$1.00 Excursion 7:00 a. m. daily and 7:30 Sundays.
For Cape May—Week days—8:45, 9:15 a. m.; 3:15, 4:15 p. m. Sunday—8:45, 9:15 a. m.; 4:45 p. m. \$1.00 Excursion 7:00 a. m. daily and 7:30 Sundays.
Additional for Cape May—Week days—8:45 a. m. Sundays, 9:15 a. m.
J. A. SWIGARD, EASTON, WEEKS, Gen'l Superintendent. Gen'l Pass. Agent. Reading Terminal, Philadelphia.

When in Norristown, Pa., STOP AT THE
RAMBO HOUSE,
(Opposite Court House).
First-class Accommodations for Man and Beast.
Stabling for 100 horses. Rates reasonable. Both English and German spoken.

P. K. Gable, Proprietor.

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Fresh From the Factories, now on Exhibition at the
COLLEGEVILLE
Furniture Warerooms!
We are now prepared to offer our customers goods at prices never before heard of.
Our line of Chamber Suits, at prices ranging from \$12 to \$50, are the best in the market, and are well worth inspection. Parlor Suits in Hair Cloth, Brocade and Silk Tapestry, from \$15 to \$50, are hard to be equalled.
Sideboards, from \$5.50 to \$30, in Solid Oak, fancy tops and plate glasses, are the best.
Dining Room Chairs, Fancy Rockers, Lounges, Couches, Hall Racks and Fancy Book Cases, that will attract your attention, both in quality and price.
We carry a full line of Rugs, Carpet Sweepers, Toilet Sets, Fancy Lamps, Dinner and Tea Sets.
Bed Springs, Mattresses, Pillows, Bolsters, Featherbeds, and Bedding of all kinds.
Our line of Carpets is complete. Best Ingrain at 50 cents; good at 40 cents; fair at 35 cents.
Picture Frames made to order.
Window Shades of all kinds. We are selling a good Spring Roller Shade at 25 cents.
Make your selections early, while stock is complete.
Repairing and upholstering attended to promptly. All goods delivered free.

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Orders entrusted to my charge will receive the most careful and painstaking attention.
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PHONE NO. 18.

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Established - 1875.
Collegeville Bakery.
Choice Bread
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Cakes
IN VARIETY.
Full assortment of Cakes and Confectionery always on hand. Ice Cream and Water Ices. Special attention given to supplying Weddings and Parties.
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THE BEST OF THEM ALL!
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Agents wanted in every town, to whom the most liberal inducements will be offered.
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AVERTED A MASSACRE.
Effect of a Four Inch Hose and a Stream of Ice Water.

"I see by the papers," said a farmer resident of the west, "that the French police quelled a mob the other day by turning the hose on them. I saw the same thing tried under very dramatic circumstances out in Denver in the early eighties. There was a strong feeling against the Chinese all through the west at the time, growing out of Denis Kearney's 'sand lot' campaign in Frisco, and it needed next to nothing to start a demonstration. One day a few Denver hoodlums set the ball rolling by wrecking a laundry, and in less than an hour a full grown riot was in progress. The mob swept down upon the Chinese section like a prairie fire, and a horrible massacre was apparently inevitable, when proceedings were immediately checked by an extraordinary incident.
"It seemed that a gambler named Tim Moon had dropped in at one of the laundries for his weekly supply of boiled shirts, and the Chinaman had seen him. In finding the right angle, while he was searching his shelves the vandals of rioters suddenly appeared and were about to raze the frail little shanty to the ground, when Tim Moon stepped out of the front door with a cocked revolver in each hand. 'Hold on, boys!' he yelled. 'You've got to wait until I get my shirts!'
"There were at least 4,000 people in the mob, but Moon was a noted desperado, and nobody dared make the first move. The dense throng stopped in almost a straight line, like a river checked by an invisible barrier.
"Well, I'm a hurry, Jim!' somebody shouted from the crowd.
"Make haste, John,' called Moon through the door. 'These gentlemen want to hang you.'
"The tally raised a laugh, and for a moment there was a great roar of badinage, but it was evident that the crisis could not be prolonged many seconds more. And that brings me to the water episode, from which I have slightly wandered.
"While Moon was holding the crowd at bay," continued the story teller, "a company of militia had been rushed to the scene, but hesitated to fire. You see, public sentiment was so generally with the rioters that nobody cared to take the responsibility of ordering a volley. Just then Captain Dave Cook, who was at the time chief of the Rocky mountain police, came galloping up on horseback, leading a steam fire engine, and before anybody realized his purpose a four inch stream of icy water was turned on the thick of the throng.
"The effect was simply miraculous. It was a very cold day, and the horde of infuriated westerners, who would surely have stood their ground against a fusillade of rifles, simply turned tail and ran. In their frantic efforts to get out of the way of the water, scores of people were knocked down and trampled on. It was a complete rout, and in two minutes the street was as empty as a drum. What is more, the thing prevented any reassembling at other points, for the fellows who had been chased by the hose were so chagrined at the absurd figure they cut that they immediately sneaked off home, and by the time they secured dry clothes had lost all interest in the Chinese question.
"Thus a riot was turned into a good joke, and for a long time afterward the happy expedient that won the day was referred to as 'Dave Cook's water cure,' warranted to relieve any case of municipal congestion.
"Jim Moon, by the way, met with a tragic death a little later on. He was shot and killed by Clay Wilson, a sporting man, who hailed originally from New Orleans. When the Denver papers printed the story, they displayed some characteristic frontier humor in their headlines, 'Blood on the Moon' and 'A Lunar Eclipse' were two I recall. —New Orleans Times-Democrat.

A Dish He Didn't Want.
Melliac, the famous French composer, was a man of simple taste and very abstemious. Once in a restaurant he was abstractedly pointed to a dish on the bill of fare that the waiter handed to him. It happened to be the most elaborate and costly dish on the bill, and when the waiter went to the kitchen with the order there was commotion there.
The proprietor himself arrived, and he and the chef cook devoted themselves to the preparation of the famous dish. One man was sent for this choice ingredient and another for another. Meantime M. Melliac waited, absorbed.
At last the dish was brought with a great flourish, and the proprietor stood not far away to observe the result. When it was deposited on the table, Melliac looked at it with an expression of melancholy interest.
"Did I order that?" he asked.
"Certainly, monsieur!"
"But—but you, monsieur!"
"Then take it away and eat it yourself," ordered Melliac, "and bring me two fried eggs!"
The order was carried out, and the proprietor waited if he had a madman to deal with—YOUTH'S COMPANION.

Good Men.
Nature seems to exist for the excellent. The world is upheld by the variety of good men; they make the earth wholesome. They who lived with them found life pleasant and nutritious. Life is sweet and tolerable only in our belief in such society, and actually or ideally we manage to live with superiors. We call our children and our lands by their names. Their names are wrought into the very language. Their works and efforts are in our houses, and every circumstance of the day recalls an anecdote of them. —Emerson.

Clearly Proved.
Mrs. Bolivar heaved a deep sigh. "Before we were married," she said, "you promised me that my slightest wish would be your law."
"Did I?" said Mr. Bolivar, in a tone of surprise.
"You said it," continued Mrs. Bolivar. "that you would wrap the club and not play poker any more."
"Did I, really?"
"You swore that you would give me whatever I wanted and that I might go to the seashore every summer and stay as long as I liked."
"Is it possible?"
"Yes. And you said that you would never take another drink and never flirt with a little bit, and now you do all these things and have kept a single promise. It proves conclusively to me that you never loved me."
"I beg to differ from you there, my dear," said Mr. Bolivar, oratorically. "Your promises are all wrong. Your reasoning is woefully at fault. Your statements prove conclusively that I did love you. In fact, I must have loved you madly if I told such whopping lies to get you.
"And with this vindication Mr. Bolivar considered the argument at an end. —Kansas City Independent.

Extreme Optimism.
"Ta, what is an extreme optimist?"
"An idiot who fancies he'll find his wife asleep at 2 a. m."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The Hot Weather of Dog Days
Is made endurable only by careful dressing. This is ROYAL SHIRT WAIST SEASON when one wants to combine dressy appearance with perfect coolness. Just to think, the "Royals" have been reduced to 75 cents.

Three essentials of a traveling grip are found in this stock. They are light, knock-aboutable and cheap. We have telescopes and grips which seem to cry "come on" to an ordinary outfit of away-from-home needs. These giant spaced grips are here at pigmy prices.

OUR DRESS LAWNS took a fearful tumble and the 10 and 12-cent kinds are 6 1-4 cents, with higher prices accordingly reduced.

TAILOR-MADE COSTUMES in sweeping array and variety. Come in handy for cool nights or sudden changes. Never leave town without one of these.

White Piques for your own making, snowy and cool, 12 1-2 cents up. Skirting Linens 12 1-2 cts. up. Linen Crash Skirts, 25 cents.

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More Chopping Done at Clamer's Collegeville Mills Than Ever Before. Why?
Because it is well done, and done punctually. All kinds of feed at lowest prices. It will pay you to get quotations and examine the quality of Corn Bran, Coarse Winter Bran, Oats Feed (for plenty of milk), Sugarine, Middlings, Sugar Feed, Oats, Linseed Meal, Cottonseed Meal, Cracked Corn, etc.
Respectfully,
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Can anywhere else by placing your orders with us. We defy competition and our work will
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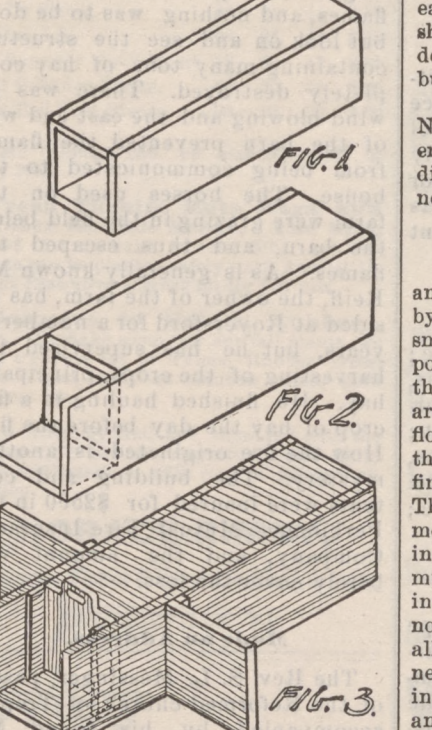
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Monuments, Tombstones, OF ITALIAN OR AMERICAN MARBLE OR GRANITE.
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Every description of CEMETERY WORK, COPING, GALVANIZED RAILING, &c., promptly executed.
All stock on hand, including Fine Monuments and Tombstones, will be sold at a sacrifice to make room for new work.
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(Successor to Fox & Mowrey.)
Great Slaughter in Prices!—For the next 30 days I will reduce Hand-made Harness to Factory Prices. Any one ordering harness in the next 30 days may have the benefit of these prices, everything else in proportion. Blankets, Saddles, Bridles, Boots, Whips, Stable Brushes, Combs, Brushes, etc. Also a lot of choice grade Cigars. Box trade a specialty.
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Eureka Harness Oil
on your best harness, your old harness, and your carriage top, and they will not only look better but wear longer. Sold everywhere in canisters and on half pails to five gallons. Made by STANDARD OIL CO.
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For Drunkenness removes all desire and necessity for liquor, and restores one to his normal condition. Tell your friend who has lost his business or family through drink to call or write for free book.
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FARM & GARDEN
A NEW IRRIGATING BOX.
The Invention of a Man Who Does Not Care For Patents.

Fig. 1 is a plain box made by nailing four boards opposite each other, perfectly square on the front and back.
Fig. 2 represents Fig. 1 with four boards on the outside, breaking joints, three of the outside boards extending forward of the inside box, which makes



YAN HOHN'S UNPATENTED HEAD GATE, a box, or pipe, stronger than if made of two inch lumber, having free passage for water.
For tapping reservoirs and main ditches under high pressure put a gasket on the end of the inside box, thus making it absolutely water tight.
Fig. 3 needs no explanation other than that the wings need not be more than one-half as wide as drawn, and should also extend under the bottom.
For variations make Fig. 2 with only three outside boards, or make the outside jacket to extend only about one foot on the first box, just sufficient to hold the gate in position.
This box is the invention of J. O. A. Van Horn of Union City, Colo., and is not patented. So it may be used by any one who irrigates land by laterals.—Denver Field and Farm.

THE WONDERS OF ALFALFA.
As Displayed at the New Jersey Experiment Station.
There has been a good deal said about alfalfa lately, and when Professor Voorhees of the New Jersey station said he was already ready to be enthusiastic about this plant Mr. Collingwood of the Rural New Yorker concluded, as he tells in that journal, that it was time to go and see what his Professor Voorhees had for the statement, the latter being a careful man and not easily carried away by a single success with any crop. So on May 9 Mr. Collingwood went down to New Brunswick to look at the alfalfa, and this is what he found, as reported in The New Yorker:
"There is, stated, a solid mat averaging about 17 inches high and so thick on the ground that one could hardly find even a small weed in an acre of it. The alfalfa would average at least four inches higher than the best crimson clover, and its immense leaf surface as compared with clover, evidently made it a better plant for feeding."
"But this is not alfalfa soil!" was my first comment, for the ground was hard, heavy, well baked, not at all like the friable, loose, open soil in which alfalfa is said to delight.
"That is true," said Professor Voorhees. "But there is such a thing as fitting the soil for the crop and changing its character so that crops will feel more at home in it. In the first place, we made it clean. The great reason why so many people fail with alfalfa is that they let the weeds kill it out. The weeds will certainly do this if you give them a chance. We cleaned that soil for two years by constant turning and tillage and growing clean crops upon it. Then in the fall it was broken up and potash and phosphoric acid applied, with a good coating of lime. Then it was sown to rye. In the spring this was plowed under and the ground was thoroughly subsoiled. You know alfalfa is a long, deep rooted plant. The ideal soil for it is one with an open, porous subsoil into which these long roots can easily work. By so doing—that is, breaking up the earth to considerable depth—we gave these roots a chance to get down into the ground, and they most certainly went there. We sowed about the 1st of May, using varying quantities of seed at the rate of 30, 40 and 50 pounds per acre."
"You can see for yourself that where we have used the most seed we have the best stand and the best crop. Alfalfa cannot stand up in a fight against weeds. The weeds came up, of course, last year after the young alfalfa, and we clipped them off so as to give the latter a chance. When it once got ahead of the weeds it staid ahead, and we have seen the alfalfa last year within four months after sowing. In order to make sure of carrying it through the winter we gave it a coat of manure last fall, and now here it is."

BLACK ROT.
A Growing Trouble With Cabbages.
Most Recent Discoveries Prevent It.
Black rot is of somewhat recent recognition, but during the past few years has led to serious loss in southern Wisconsin, Michigan, New York, Maryland, Vermont and elsewhere. The Vermont station says the first indication of the disease in cabbage is upon the outer leaves of the plant, which turn yellow and die in spots, usually at or near the veins. These spots are also liable to wilt. Careful examination shows that the veins in the dead areas are blackened. The germs which are the cause of the malady spread exclusively through the vessels or fibrous portions of the tissues. These invaded vessels turn black, and this striking discoloration is a valuable diagnostic feature of the disease which every cabbage grower should learn to recognize. If the stem of a healthy cabbage be cut across, these vessels are seen forming faint yellowish spots in the interior of the stem, and these spots, when seen in marked contrast to the black spots seen in the badly diseased leaf.
"Killing cabbage plants are left in the field, the germs pass the winter in the soil and reinfect cabbages, turnips or weed plants which may grow there the next season. If fed to stock, they pass into the manure, and are similarly propagated in that way. Consideration of these facts leads the station mentioned to recommend the following preventive or remedial measures:
"Rotation of Crops.—Cabbages or turnips should not be planted a second year upon land where the disease is observed. In view of the dangers from this disease and club root it is better in any case to

rotate these crops with others. The seed bed also should be made in new soil each year.
Fertilization.—Diseased cabbages should never be fed to animals nor used as manure from ar'inals fed on garden refuse should not be used on soil intended for cabbages.
Destruction of Insects.—Keep the plants as free as possible from insects.
Removal of Diseased Leaves and Plants.—Where the disease has once appeared, the cabbage field should be watched and during August and September should be systematically gone over and all leaves removed and destroyed as soon as they show evidence of the disease. In case the germs have invaded the stem (as shown by the blackened vessels at the junction of diseased leaf and stem) the entire plant should be uprooted and destroyed. This destruction should be by fire or deep burial.
Suppression of Cruciferous Weeds.—No plants of kale, wild mustard or other cruciferous weeds which may harbor the disease should be allowed to grow in or near the cabbage field.

Sheep on a Small Farm.
If a farm is dry enough for sheep—and if it is not it can often be made so by drainage—sheep will pay even on small farms. There is a prevalent disposition in these days to believe that there is no money in sheep unless they are kept in large or comparatively large flocks. The idea that a few sheep on the farm are valuable does not seem to find lodgment in the average mind. This no doubt is the result of the common notion that wool is the main thing in sheep raising. The production of mutton alone will pay for sheep breeding. There are few farmers who could not keep a small flock of sheep and sell all the mutton they produce in the nearest town or among their neighboring farmers. A dozen sheep will pay on any small farm.—Western Plowman.

Claims of Tree Peddlers.
In regard to the claims of some tree peddlers the Ohio nurseryman takes station says: Reliable nurserymen take reasonable precautions not to propagate peach trees from those having the yellows, nor to use suspected seed, but it will be news to all of the horticultural fraternity that Canadian or French seed is free from the disease, or that trees grown from it are proof against the contagion. It seems strange that an Ohio man should discover virtues in Canadian peach seed which the Canadians themselves are ignorant. The peach growers across the line are plodding along as those on this side, not knowing of the existence of that wonderful, slow growing, late blooming variety which cannot be sold at common prices because it requires twice the usual time under the fostering care of the nurseryman. The claim that any nurseryman has a secret process of propagation unknown to others, or a variety which he controls absolutely, is preposterous. There are no horticultural secrets or patents on varieties. These are trademarks upon names of varieties, but this merely prevents the general use of the name and not of the variety.

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